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TRUTH, JUSTICE, AND THE CONSTITUTION.

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BY L. D. STARKE.

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POETRY.

HEART HISTORY.

BY ROBERT JOSELYN.

Upon a time, a maiden
Beneath a hawthorn tree,
Her lover, close beside her,
Mured vows of constancy;
Sweeter than the blossom
Ging over her, was she;
Her heart, within her bosom,
Lapped and glowed tumultuously.
There young and fond and foolish,
Their rich, the story goes:
As proud and pa was mulish,
At their love and great their woes,
By kiss and wept and parted,
Striving to be ever true,
The maiden broken hearted?
The lover faithful, too?
If she wed a wealthy banker,
Under whippers she was sold;
To city dames outrank her,
In her pockets full of gold;
At every ball and party,
Led with lace and jewels rare,
So very fresh and hearty,
In the eye of despair.
Confound the lucky fellow—
A widow twice his years,
Thin, ripe and mellow,
A brace of "little dears,"
Maiden, servants plenty,
Mild mansion, pomp and ease,
The boyish love of twenty,
A incurable disease.
From this, ye doating lovers,
Your anguish, not to break,
Of greater value,
In the promises you make.
Were made to put in motion
That otherwise would cool,
Re, profit and promotion,
Late at Cupid's school.

SCOLLANEUS.

From Household Words.

The Blind Man's Woe.

My poor blind boy!

A sorrowful exclamation broke from
Mrs. Owen, as she lay upon
her couch with a long and wailing
cry. She had been blind since he was three
years old, and she was now a widow,
and the only child of her widow,
the sole object of her care and
affection, knelt beside her, his face
upon her pillow, for now only
moment of solemn communion with
her, had she revealed the fatal
disease, and told him she must soon die.
It was a weary month, but never
did he admit to himself the possibility of losing her. Telling cheer-
fully of her recovery, and so long as
she showed him with promise of
recovery, so long as his hand still
felt her, he had hoped she would
be well again.
He had been blind since he was three
years old, struck by lightning, he had
lost his sight. A dim remem-
ber of his widowed mother's face,
monthly braided hair, and flowing
dress, was one of the recollections
which with the period before all be-
came to him.
A boy grew up, tall, slender, deli-
cately formed, with eyes which bore
the stamp of calamity that had destroy-
ed his mother's vision; grave, though
not dreary, enthusiastic, and re-
garding his mother's care with the deep-
est devotion of childhood, and when
his education did not take them to
him and elsewhere, they had resided
in a town on the sea-coast, in one
of the prettiest parts of England.
Dependent of the natural kindness
of a very rarely fails to be shown to
any person who is blind, there
about both the widow and her
child invariably rendered them ac-
cessible guests for their intellectual
powers, and powers of conversation,
equally diversified and uncommon.
Owen had studied much in order
to reach her son, and thus, by improving
natural abilities, had become a per-
son of common stamp; her intelli-
gence, however, being always subser-
vient, and fitly shadowed by the supe-
rior attributes of love, gentleness,
and sympathy; for Heaven help
women in whom these gifts are not

predominant over any mental endow-
ments whatsoever!
When they walked out together his
mother took his arm; he was proud of
that, he liked to fancy he was some sup-
port to her, and many pitying eyes used
latterly to follow the figure of the widow
in the black dress she constantly wore,
and the tall pale son on whom she leaned
confidingly, as if striving with a
sweet deception to convince him that he
was indeed the staff of her declining
strength. But gradually the mother's
form grew bent, her step dragged weari-
ly along, and the expression of her face
indicated increasing weakness. The
walks were at an end; and before long
she was too feeble to leave her bed, ex-
cepting to be carried to the summer par-
lor, where she lay upon a sofa beside
an open window, with flowers twining
around the casement, and the warm sun-
shine filling all things with joy, save her
foreboding heart, and the anxious son
who incessantly hung over her. Friends
often came to visit them, and turned
away with a deep sadness as they noted
the progress of her malady, and heard
the blind man ask each time whether
they did not think her better—oh, surely
a little better than when they last be-
held her?
Among all those, no friend was so
welcome or brought such solace to the
sick room as Mary Parker, a joyous girl
of nineteen, one of the beauties of the
country, and the admiration and delight
of all who knew her. Mrs. Owen had
danced Mary upon her knees and weaved
garlands for her when she was a boy of
twelve, and she, a little fairy of six years
old, too close beside him, praising
his skill and wondering how he could
manage so cleverly though blind. None
of his childish companions ever led him
so carefully as Mary, or seemed so much
impressed with his mental superiority;
she would leave those games of her
playmates in which his blindness pre-
vented him from joining, and would sit
for hours to the stories which his
own imagination enabled him to in-
vent.
As she grew up, there was no change
in the frank and confident nature of her
intercourse. Mary still made him the
recipient of her girlish secrets, and plans
and dreams, just as she had done of her
little griefs and joys in childhood; asked
him to quote his favorite passages of
poetry, or stationed herself near him at
the piano, suggesting subjects for him to
play, which he extemporized at her bid-
ding. Bright and blossoming as Mary
was, the life of every party, beaming
with animation and enjoyment, no at-
tention was capable of rendering her in-
dignant of him; and she was often known
to sit out several dances in an evening
to talk to Edward Owen, who would
be sad if he thought himself neglected.
And now she daily visited the invalid;
her buoyant spirit tempered by sym-
pathy for her increasing sufferings; but
still diffusing such an atmosphere of
sunshine and hope around her, that
gloom and despondency seemed to van-
ish at her presence. Edward's eyesight
was always raised to her bright
face, as if he felt the magic influence it
imparted.
His mother had noted all this with a
mother's watchfulness; and, on that day,
when strong in her love, she had under-
taken to break to him the fact which all
others shrink from communicating, she
spoke of Mary, and of the vague wild
hope she had always cherished of one
day seeing her wife.
"No, mother, no!" exclaimed the blind
man. "Dearest mother, in this you are
not true to yourself! What? Would you
wish to see her in all her spring-time
youth and beauty sacrificed to such a
one as I?—to see Mary as you have de-
scribed her to me, as my soul tells me she
is, tried down to be the guide and leader
and support of one who could not make
one step which in the eye of men, would
be his means of sheltering and protecting
her? Would you hear her pined—my
bright Mary pined, as a Blind Man's
wife, mother?"
"But Edward—if she loves you, as I
am sure she does—"
"Love me, mother! Yes, as angels
love mortals, as a sister loves a brother;
as you love me! And for this becom-
ing love, this tender sympathy, I could
kneel and kiss the ground she treads upon;
but beyond this—were you to entreat
her to marry your blind and solitary
son, and she in pity answered yes—
would I accept her on such terms, and
ravel the chains she had consented to as-
sume? Oh mother! I have not studied
son in vain, your life has been one long
self-sacrifice to me; its silent teaching
shall bear fruit! Do not grieve so bit-
terly for me. God was very merciful in
giving me such a mother; let us trust
him for the future!"
Ah, poor tortured heart, speaking so
bravely forth, striving to cheer the
mother's failing spirit, when all to him was
dark, dark as death!
She raised herself upon her pillow,
and wound her weak arm about his neck,
and listened to the expressions of indefi-
nite love, and faith and consolation,
which her son found strength to utter,
to sustain her soul. Yes, in that hour
her recompense had begun; in lonely-
ness, in secret tears, with Christian pa-
tience and endeavor with an exalted
and faithful spirit had she sown; and in
the death she reaped her high reward.
They had been silent some minutes,
and she lay back exhausted, but com-
posed, while he sat beside her, holding
her hand in his, fancying she slept, and
anxiously listening to her breathing
which seemed more than usually op-
pressed. A rustling was heard amid
the flowers at the window, and a bright
young face looked in.
"Hush!" said Edward, recognising

the step. "Hush Mary, she is asleep!"
The color and the smiles alike passed
from Mary's face, when she glided into
the room. "Oh, Edward, Edward, she
is not asleep, she is very, very ill!"
"Mary! darling Mary!" said the dying
lady, with difficulty rousing herself; "I
have had such a pleasant dream; but I
have slept too long. It is night. Let
them bring candles. Edward, I cannot
see you now."
Night, and the sun so brightly shining!
The shadows of the grave were stealing
fast upon her.
Other steps now sounded in the room,
and many faces gathered round the
couch; but the blind man heard nothing—
was conscious of nothing, save the
painful labored respiration, the tremu-
lous hand that fluttered in his own, the
broken sentences.
"Edward, my dearest, take comfort.
I have hope. God is indeed merciful."
"Oh Edward, do not grieve so sadly!"
It breaks my heart, to see you cry. For
my sake be calm—for my sake too!—
Mary knelt down beside him, and en-
deavored to soothe the voiceless anguish
which terrified her to witless.
Another interval, when no sound
broke the stillness that prevailed; and
again Mrs. Owen opened her eyes, and
saw Mary kneeling by Edward's side.
They were associated with the previous
current of her thoughts, and a smile
lighted up her face.
As I wished, as I prayed, to die!
My children both. Kiss me, Mary, my
blessing, my consolation! Edward, nearer,
nearer! Child of so many hopes and
prayers—all answered now! And with
her bright vision unalloyed, her rejoic-
ing soul took wing, and sorrow and tears
were no more.
Four months had passed since Mrs.
Owen's death, and her son was still
staying at Woodlands, the residence of
Mary's father, Colonel Parker, at about
two miles distance from Edward Owen's
solitary home; hither had he been pre-
vailed upon to remove, after the first
shock of his grief had subsided.
Colonel and Mrs. Parker were kind-
hearted people, and the peculiar situa-
tion of Edward Owen appealed to their
best feelings, so they made no opposi-
tion to their children devoting them-
selves unceasingly to him, and striving
to every innocent device, to render his
life less painful and oppressive. But
kind as the family were, still all the
family were as nothing compared to
Mary, who was always anxious to ac-
company him in his walks seemed jeal-
ously of his privilege as favorite reader
and claimed to be his silent watchful
companion, when too sad even to take
interest in what she read, he leaned
back wearily in his chair, and felt the
soothing influence of her presence. As
time wore on, and some of his old pur-
suits resumed their attraction for him,
he used to listen for hours as he played
upon the piano. She would sit near
him with her work, proposing subject
for his skill, as her old custom had been;
or she would beg him to give her a les-
son in executing a difficult passage, re-
ferring to it with due feeling and expres-
sion. In the same way, in their read-
ings, which gradually were carried on
with more regularity and interest, she
appeared to look upon herself as the
person obliged, appealed to his judg-
ment, and deferred to his opinion, with
out any consciousness of the fatigue she
underwent, or the service she was ren-
dering.
One day, as they were sitting in the
library, after she had been for some
time pursuing her self-imposed task,
and Edward, fearing she would be tired,
had repeatedly entreated her to desist,
she answered gaily:
"Let me alone, Edward! It is so
pleasant to go through a book with you;
you make such nice reflections, and
point out all the finest passages, and ex-
plain the difficult parts so clearly, that
it does me more good than a dozen read-
ings by myself. I shall grow quite
clever now we have begun our literary
studies!"
"Dear Mary, say rather, ended; for
you know this cannot go on. I must
return to my own house next week; I
have trespassed on your father's hospi-
tality, indulgence, and forbearance too
long."
"Leave us, Edward?" and the color
deepened in her cheeks, and tears stood
in her bright eyes. "Not yet!"
"Not yet? The day would still come,
dearest, delay it as I might and it is
manful to shrink from what must
come and ought to be? I have to begin life
in earnest, and if I falter at the outset,
what will be the result? I have arranged
everything: Mr. Glen, our clergy-
man, has a cousin, an usher in a school,
who wishes for retirement and country
air. I have engaged him to live with
me as a companion and reader. Next
week he comes; and then, Mary, fare-
well to Woodlands!"
"No, not far well, for you must come
here very often; and I must read to
you still, and you must teach me still,
and tell me in your own noble thoughts
and beautiful language of better and
higher things than I once used to care
for. And then our walks—oh Edward,
I must continue to see the sunset from
the cliff, sometimes, together. You
first taught me how beautiful it was. I
told you of the tints upon the sky and
upon the sea, and upon the boats with
their glistening sails, and you set the
view before me in all its harmony and
loveliness, brought it home to my heart,
and made me feel how cold and insen-
sible I had been before."
"Ah, Mary," said Edward mournfully,
"near you, I am no longer blind!"
The book she had been reading fell
unheeded on the ground, she trembled,
her color went and came, as she laid her
hand timidly on his arm; inexpressible
tenderness, reverence and compassion

were busy within her soul.
"Edward, you will not change in any-
thing towards us; this new companion
need not estrange you from your oldest
and dearest friends—your mother's
friends! Let me always be your pupil,
your friend, your sister!"
"Sustainer, comforter, guide! Sister
above all, oh yes my sister! Best and
sweetest title—say it again, Mary, say
it again! and seizing her hand he kissed
it passionately, and held it for a moment
within his own. Then as suddenly re-
linquishing it, he continued in an alter-
ed tone, "My sister and my friend, until
another comes to claim a higher privi-
lege, and Mary shall be for ever lost to
me!"
She drew back, and a few inaudible
words died away upon her lips; he could
not see her appealing tearful eyes. Mis-
taking the cause of her reserve, he
had made a strong effort to regain com-
posure.
"Do you remember when you were a
child, Mary, how ambitiously romantic
you used to be, and how you were deter-
mined to become a duchess at last?"
"And how you used to tease me, by
saying you would only come to my castle
disguised as a wandering minstrel,
and you would never sit at the board
between me and the duke Edward?"
"Yes, I remember it all very well, foolish
children that we were! I, at least,
know better now; I am not ambitious
in that way any longer."
"In that way? In what direction,
then, do your aspirations tend?"
"To be loved," said Mary fervently;
"to be loved, Edward, with all the trust
and devotedness of which a noble na-
ture is susceptible—to know that the
heart on which I lean has no thought
save for me—to be certain that, with all
my faults and waywardness, I am loved
for myself alone, not for any little
charm of face which people may attrib-
ute to me."
Edward rose abruptly, and walked up
and down the room, which, from his long
stay in the house, had become familiar
to him. "Mary," he resumed, stopping
as he drew near her, "you do yourself
injustice. The face you set so little
store by, must be beautiful, as the in-
dex of your soul; I have pictured you
so often to myself, I have coveted the
blessing of sight, were it only for an in-
stant, that I might gaze upon you! The
dim form of my mother, as I first beheld
her in my infancy, comes before me when
I think of you, encreased with a halo of
holy light which I fancy to be your
attribute, and a radiance hovers round
your golden tresses such as gladden
our hearts in sunshine."
"Ah, Edward, it is better you cannot
see me! I am! You would not love
me if you could not see me—so much!"
"If I could but see you for a moment
how I would look at the ball to-night!
I fancy I should never repine again."
"The ball to-night! I had quite for-
gotten it! I wish mamma would not in-
sist upon my going. I do not care for
these things any longer;—you will be
left alone, Edward, and that seems so
heartless and unkind!"
"Mary," said one of her sisters, open-
ing the library door, "look at these
beautiful hot-house flowers which have
arrived for us. Come Edward, come
and see them too!"
They were so accustomed to treat
him as one of themselves, and were so
used to his aptitude in many ways, that
they often did not appear to remember
he was blind.
The flowers were rare and beautiful,
and yet no donor's name accompanied
the gift. Suddenly one of the girls
cried out laughing, "I have guessed, I
have guessed, I have guessed. It is
Edward. He has heard us talking about
this ball, and must have ordered them
on purpose for us. Kind, good Ed-
ward!" and they were loud in their ex-
pressions of delight; all except Mary,
who kept silently aloof.
"Mary," said one of the sisters, open-
ing the library door, "look at these
beautiful hot-house flowers which have
arrived for us. Come Edward, come
and see them too!"
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who kept silently aloof.

voice, without her footsteps! And yet this
is what awaits me, that is inevitably
drawing near. Next week I leave the
roof under which she dwells; I shall not
have her constantly at my side, asking
me, with her sweet childlike earnest-
ness, to teach her to repeat poetry, or
to give expression to her music. The
welcome of her dress, the melody of her
laugh, will soon become rare sounds to
me! Within, around, beyond, all is
dark, hopeless solitary. Life stretches
itself wearily before me, blind and de-
luded as I am! Mother, mother, well
might your sweet spirit shrink when you
contemplated this for your miserable
son! How strange those last words!
I thought of them to day, when I made
her wreath of roses, and when her sis-
ters told me of the numbers who flock
around her. Every flower brought its
warning and its sting!"
"Edward, have I not made haste? I
wished to keep you company, for a little
while before we set out. You must be
so sad! Your playing told me you were
sad, Edward!"
She was standing by him in all the
pride of her youth and loveliness; her
white dress falling in a cloud-like drap-
ery around her graceful form, her sunny
hair sweeping her shoulders, and the
wreath surmounting a brow on which in-
nocence and truth were impressed by
Nature's hand.
The sense of her beauty, of an ex-
quisite harmony about her, was clearly
perceptible to the blind man; he reverently
touched the flowing robe, and placed
his hand upon the flowery wreath.
"Will you think of me dearest to night?
You will carry with you something to re-
mind you of me. When you are count-
ing, worshipped, envied and heard every-
side praise of your beauty, give a
passing thought to Edward who lent his
little help to its adornment."
"Edward, how can you speak so mock-
ingly? You know that in saying this you
tender me most tenderly!"
"Mischievous! With roses blooming on
your brow, and hope exulting in your
heart; when life smiles brightly on you,
and guardian angels seem to hover around
your path!"
He spoke in a manner that was un-
usual to him; he leaned thoughtfully
against the piano and, as if unconscio-
us of what she was doing, disengaged the
garland from her hair.
These poor flowers, have no bloom, and
this bright life of mine, as you think it
has no enjoyment when I think of you.
Sad, alone, unhappy, returning to your
desolate home, Edward!"
"Dearest," he said, inexpressibly moved,
"do not grieve for me. Remember,
my mother left my blessing to you."
"Was it only for me, Edward?"
"There is a moment's silence; he cov-
ers his face with his hand, his lofty,
self-denying spirit wrestles with himself;
then, gently the wreath is laid upon his
crown, her arm is passed around his neck,
her head with its glory of golden locks
rested upon his breast.
"Oh Edward, take the wreath, and
with it take myself if I deserve it! Tell
me that you are not angry, that you do
not despise me for this—I have so long
wished to speak to you!"
Mary, Mary, farewell! You try me
beyond my strength; beloved of my soul
light of my sightless eyes, dearest to
me than language can express, you must
not thus throw yourself away!"
He would disengage the arm that was
clinging to his neck, but she nestled closer,
still.
"Mary!" he cries wildly, "remember—
blind, blind!"
"Not blind near me—not blind for me.
Here Edward, here my resting-place is
found, nothing but death shall separate
me from you. I am yours, your friend
your comforter, your wife. Oh tell me
you are glad!"
God! His previous resolutions, his
determination to owe nothing to his
pitiful love, all faded in the unequalled
happiness of that hour, nor ever returned
to cloud the life which Mary's devotion
rendered henceforth blessed.
This is no fiction, reader, no exaggerat-
ed picture; some, who peruse this, will
testify out of the depths of their hearts,
in respect and admiration they have
watched Mary fulfilling the promise of
her beautiful sympathy and love.—
She has never wavered in the path
she chose to tread; she has never
cast one lingering look at all
she resigned in giving herself to him—
Joyous, tender, happy, devoted, she has
remained always to regard her husband as
the source of all his happiness, and when
the music of children's voices has been
heard within their dwelling, not even
her motherly love for those faces whose
parking eyes could meet and return
her gaze, has ever been known to defraud
her father of a thought or a smile, or
the slightest portion of her accustomed
care.
No, dear Mary! Years have been passed
since she laid her wreath on his knee;
the roses, so carefully preserved, have
long withered; but the truth and love
which accompanied the gift, are fresh
and bright as then, rendering her as
proud husband says, almost equal
even while on earth, to those Angel
—sisters whom in Heaven, he shall see
—sing her, at last no longer blind!

A Yankee Wedding in New York.
Chancing to visit the office of Alder-
man —, the other day, we witnessed
a hymeneal ceremony that will bear nar-
rating.
The bridegroom was a weather-beaten
countryman, a perfect picture of good
nature, but so tall that in entering the
portals of the office an involuntary obeis-
ance was necessary; while the artificial
hollyhocks on the knob of the bride's
bonnet just touched the ceiling of the
expected lord. Their entrance was pre-
ceded by an usher with dilapidated
garments, who claimed and received
three coppers as his fee for guiding them
to the spot.
"What can I do for you my good
friends?" asked the urbane Alderman,
as if in utter ignorance of the object of
their visit. "Pray be seated, madam."
"Well, Squire," answered the groom,
with a complacent glance at the filagree
breast pin that fastened a dashing ribbon
around the lady's neck, "you've heard
Petibone down to Lynn—you've heard
tell about her, I reckon?"
"Well, really, I think—I hardly know
—guess not."
"Not heard tell of her, Squire! why
she makes about the best pumpkin sass
you ever put in yer stummk, I reckon;
clips down just as sleek as a greased
cat crawlin' through a jint of stove pipe!"
"Very happy to be introduced to her,
Sir; but don't let me interrupt you—
Pray proceed!"
"Jes' so, jes' so. Well, old Mrs. Pet-
tibone gin me Dianthy, here, to get
applied to. She's a widder woman, and
old Deacon Pettibone made ropes of
money in the shoe-peg business when
he was alive, and I larnt the business
with him; so yew disker that naturally
I liked the gail, and the old lady gin
consent; so, ef yew'll pronounce the
ceremony, your money's ready!"
"So you wish to be married eh?" queried
the Alderman, willing to spend a
few moments' leisure in conversation.
"May I venture to ask what induced you
to break through a bachelor's life?"
"Sartin, Squire! sartin. You see it's
natural. Who ever heard tell of a bache-
lor churpin' bird or a bachelor bobo-link?
I reckon nobody has. And then sartin
double kinder nat'ral? Ain't double
crosses, and double morning-glories, and
double pinves the protest, and don't
every-body like 'em better than single
—sits. The amount on it, nature teach-
—sits. Squire, clear through the pro-
grammy, beginning with robins and
leaving off with the apple blossoms!"
"Very true, my good Sir; a very phil-
osophical view of the subject. (Turn-
ing to the lady.) And you, madam, have
you given this subject the attention it
merits?"
"Never mind her, Squire, jest let me
settle that air business, 'taint no kinder
easy to trouble your bowels about Dian-
thy. Jest you fetch out your books
and fire away!"
The ceremony was soon performed.
Our Reform Alderman has carried im-
provement even into that department
of his duties—and a two dollar bill was
happily placed in his palm by the newly
made husband. After he had congrat-
ulated the pair and wished them success,
Jonathan exclaimed:
"Squire, you're a reglar trump, you
are; and if you ever come to Lynn, you
I did a stoppin' place with me, and a
cousin welcome. But, Squire, and
Jonathan facetiously inserted his fore
finger in the region of the Alderman's
pocket. "I'm done with onehorse boldness
I am. Good by, Squire!"—*Journal of
Commerce.*
NO MOTHER.
She has no mother! What a volume
of sorrowful truth is comprised in that
single sentence—no mother! We must
go far down the hard, rough paths of
life, and become injured to care and sor-
row in their sternest forms, before we
can take home to our own experience
the dread reality—no mother—without a
struggle and a tear. But when it is said
of a frail young girl just passing from
childhood toward the life of a woman,
how sad is the story summed in that
short sentence.
Who now shall administer the needed
counsel—who now shall check the way-
ward fancies—who now shall bear with
the errors and failings of the mother-
less girl?
Deal gently with the child. Let not
the cup of her sorrow be overfilled by
the harshness of your unsympathizing
coldness. Is she heedless of her doing?
Is she forgetful of her duty? Is she car-
less in her movements? Remember, when
remember, she has no mother! When
your young companions are gay and joy-
ous, does she sit sorrowing? Does she
pass with a downcast eye and languid
step, when you would fain witness the
gushing and overflowing gladness of
youth? (Chide her not, for she is mother-
less; and the great sorrow comes down
upon her soul like an incubus. Can you
gain her confidence, can you win her
love? Come then to the motherless with
the boon of your tenderest care, and by
the memory of your own mother already
perhaps passed away—the fullness
of your own remembered sorrow—by the
possibility that your own child may yet
be motherless—contribute, as far as you
may, to relieve the loss of that frail
child, who is written motherless.

THE LAND BEYOND THE RIVER.
It was a lovely day. The balmy
breath of June wafted the rich fragrance
of the summer flowers, while the war-
bling songsters of the grove chanted sweet-
est melodies to their Creator God, and
in their most melodious strains, tried
praise to the fountain of all blessings.
The golden orb of day was just sinking
behind the western wave, and its last
glimmering rays, as though loth to leave
thee, still shed their halo of mellow
light upon it, lighting up the arch of
heaven and gilding the fleecy clouds
with the tints of Paradise. The whole
scene is one of surpassing loveliness.
But, kind reader, while your heart is
filled with praise and love to the boun-
tiful Giver of good, go with me and learn
to adore his richer love.
Little Ella was dying. Pain no longer
racked her weary limbs. Under the
touch of the icy hand of death, the fever
that for days had been drying the blood
in her veins was rapidly cooling, and the
flush was fading from her thin cheek.
The dying little one was dear to many
hearts; there was the grief too deep for
utterance, and in the silence of bitter,
tearless agony, they stood around her
dying couch, for they knew that she was
departing. The father and the mother
and the kind physician stood bending
over the form of the lovely child, watch-
ing her labored breathing. In apparent
sleep, she had for some time been still,
and they thought that it might be thus
she would pass away. But suddenly
her blue eyes opened, and a smile of
heavenly sweetness rested upon her
features. She looks eagerly forward
at first, then turning her eyes upon her
mother's face, said in a sweet voice:
"Mother, see that beautiful country, be-
yond those dark rushing waters. Oh,
how beautiful! What is the name of that
country, mother?"
"I see nothing, my child," said the
mother.
"Look there, dear mother," said the
child, pointing again, "can you not see
it now? See how those angry waves
dash against those rocks; and, oh! what
a beautiful country beyond—the sun-
shines so pleasantly, and I see such
beautiful flowers, and the birds sing so
sweetly; oh! they are so near me now,
I can almost touch them with my hand,
and the people all look so happy over
there. Oh! papa, can you not see be-
yond the river? Tell me the name of
the land."
The parents exchanged glances, and
replied together, "the land you see is
Heaven; is it not, my child?"
"Oh yes, that is the name; I thought
it must be Heaven. Oh, let me go—
But how shall I cross that deep, dark
river? Father, carry me; will you not?
See the angels are waiting for me on the
other side; they are holding out their
arms for me. Oh, father, take me in
your arms, and carry me across the riv-
er. I must go!"
A solemn awe pervaded the room, as
if they stood upon the very verge of
eternity—as if the curtain was about to
be withdrawn that concealed the un-
known glories of the eternal world.
"My child will you not wait with us
a little longer," said the father; "stronger
arms than mine will soon bear you across
the river. Stay with your mother a lit-
tle longer; see how she weeps at the
thought of losing you!"
"Dear mother, do not cry, but come
with me and cross the stream. Come,
father, come—angels are whispering in
my ears, and I see a being standing up-
on the other shore who is smiling upon
me, and stretching out his arms to take
me. Now he is coming down into the
river to carry me across. I must go—
come with me! and stretching out her
little arms for a last embrace, she said,
good-bye, father—good-bye, mother—
Don't you be afraid; he has come to take
me safely across the river!"
And these were her last words. Gently
they laid her fair form back again
upon the pillow, and kneeling at the
bedside, those grief-stricken hearts
thanked God for this lesson of love, and
prayed for resignation, saying, "The
Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away;
blessed be the name of the Lord."

63—We heard an amusing story told
as occurring on the last arrival of the
steamer Mexico at Galveston, Texas.—
It appears that among the list of passen-
gers on the manifest the names of the
"Earl of Durham," was legally recorded.
The news soon spread and was promptly
communicated to the English Consul,
who, in the generosity of his nature, at
once engaged two rooms for his dis-
tinguished countryman at the Tremont, and
then proceeded with a carriage to the
steamer to convey him to his quarters,
when "von grand mistake" was discover-
ed. The Earl of Durham on the Mexi-
co proved to be a large Durham Bull,
from Kentucky. The Consul was doing
well at last accounts.—*Texas Bulletin.*
64—Lord Holland tells of a man re-
markable for absence of mind, who, din-
ing once on a shabby repast with a friend
fancied himself in his own house, and
organ to apologize for the wretchedness
of the dinner.
65—"Please take the half of this poor
apple," said a pretty damsel to a witty
swain, the other evening. "No! I thank
you I would prefer a better half." Eliza
blushed and referred him to papa.
66—An exchange says, "We receive
papers daily, that lay in the post office
from five to fifteen hours." We presume
they must be from Shanghai or Coch-
China.
67—Talk of indifference to pain. We
have a few debtors who manifest the
most extreme and wonderful indiffer-
ence to prison. They're under the word
off for it either

[From the N. O. Picayune.]

IMPORTANT FROM HAVANA.

The letter we publish this morning from Havana came on the Crescent City, but did not reach us until yesterday. We hasten to publish it, as containing extremely important intelligence. The statements of facts may be relied upon implicitly as from a source well informed and scrupulously faithful. The correctness of the writer's knowledge of what is the policy adopted and what are the measures decided upon for carrying it out, has been proved by the accuracy predicted just what has been done up to this time, in the work of preparing for Cuba the destiny of St. Domingo.

The disclosures in this letter are of the most startling kind. The march towards abolitionism is growing bold and rapid. The object is scarcely pretended to be disguised—the consummation of the project is within view. Two or three more decrees, containing the same principles as those already promulgated, will seal the doom of the white race in Cuba, and consign the island—and not remotely—to the most brutal African domination.

We need not commend this subject to the attention of our readers. It is for them the question of the day, literally almost of the day—for never was a short future more filled with portentous events for them and their fortunes.

HAVANA, MAY 4, 1854.

DEAR PIC.—It is only when there is matter of grave and serious import that I deem it prudent to run the risk of addressing your letters for publication, for those which have hitherto been published in the Picayune, have caused no little commotion here, and the Marquis thinks he has the trap set to catch the "Sentinel" asleep. I have from time to time given you information of actual and intended measures of the Government, which have an important bearing upon the relations of this island to the United States, and it is with some complacency that I can say I have never led you into a mistake. However great the risk I must again take up the pen for the purpose of laying before your readers the infamous policy that has been fully adopted here, and which most ultimately result in turning this island into a howling wilderness.

Yesterday the official gazette published a decree of the Captain General, and it has been this morning republished without comment by the *Diario de la Marina*. The ostensible object of which is to stop the slave trade, but the real design of which is to prepare for the final step of negro emancipation.

I say that its ostensible object is to stop the slave trade, for this is the second decree within the period of the Marquis of Pezuela's Government that has been issued with that avowed purpose. I commented on the first some months since, proving that not only was it unnecessary, because existing laws and treaties, if honestly executed, are fully sufficient to stop the traffic. But that the former decree was intended for a covert purpose, and subsequent events have fully borne me out, for not only has the slave trade been stimulated and encouraged in every way by the Government, but the terms of the decree have been used to cover a rapid but silent advance in the road to ultimate emancipation.

In yesterday's decree the Captain General defines his position and his motives. He begins by stating that it is the duty of the Government to calm the public mind by a clear and frank avowal of its intentions, in order that false comments upon its measures may not alarm and prejudicially affect great interests. He then denies, in the name of the Queen of Spain, the assertion that a pact or covenant has been made with the powerful nation for the purpose of abolishing slavery as a compensation for the preservation of Cuba to the crown of Spain. [He is crafty in this denial, you will perceive, for he does not deny the fact, but only that it has been done as a compensation.] He then admits that such an alliance might be useful, but that Spain would not purchase it at such a sacrifice, and that it really is not necessary to maintain her rights, for that besides a strong army and navy, to protect her cause, "God has planted here hurricanes and epidemics for our foreign enemies." He again denies the truth of this "delectable invention," in the name of the Queen and asserts that while the sentiment of respect to legitimate acquired authority exists in the Castilian blood, it shall never be commended. Then follows this remarkable paragraph, which I translate literally and faithfully:

"But if this course is just, and the Government will ever abandon it, fulfilling its duties, the inhabitants of Cuba have also other and no less sacred duties to fulfill in compliance with the law. It is also true that the life of the Creole bondman should be made more sweet than the life of the white man who labors under another name, in Europe."

He then declares that the slave trade must and shall be stopped, and asks:

"What pretext can now be alleged for continuing this shameful traffic?"

The necessity of laborers when the Government has facilitated the means of procuring them in abundance?"

He then favors us with a regular Wilberforce "am I not a man and a brother" tirade against the slave trade, and finally declares, "that without prejudice to other measures of more transcending importance, which have been submitted to Her Majesty for her royal approbation," the following articles shall be observed and obeyed:

Art. 1. That after a landing of negroes the Government officers shall have authority to search suspected estates.

Art. 2. That on the 1st of August next all slaves shall be registered, expressing name, sex, nation, and age.

Art. 3. All negroes not registered shall be declared free, if Africans, and the holders punished.

Art. 4. Landings of slaves to be reported within twenty-four hours.

Art. 5. Officers not reporting any landing, to be punished.

Art. 6. Slave traders to be banished for two years.

In this decree the intention of the Government to manumit the slaves is explicitly declared in an official manner, and the power which it gives to its officers is the power which the Spanish Government has always refused to use,

though England has urged her to do so for very many years.

The measure of greater importance which his Excellency alludes to as having been submitted to the Home Government for approbation, is nothing more nor less than the following:

His Excellency will publish a decree declaring that the civil and social condition of the negro is equal with that of the white. The measure is based upon the declared and written opinion of Archbishop Claret of St. Jago de Cuba, that the equality of the white and black races is a gospel principle of Christianity. The measure has been submitted to the Royal Pretorian audience (our Supreme Court) and has been approved by it. The decree may appear very soon, or it may be for a little while delayed, but it is already in the port folio of the Marquis of Pezuela.

A complete panic exists here. The foreign merchants are sending their families away; most of them, being Europeans, go to England and France, fearing some great impending evil; four black regiments are being formed; and the interest of money has doubled and even trebled within thirty days. The Government, in order to alleviate in some measure the distress, has created a State bank of discount with \$800,000 capital, but distrust is extending on every hand under the proximate social ruin that menaces us. The number of Creoles who have gone and are preparing to go on apparent tours of pleasure to the United States and to Europe was never a tithe of what it now is.

What adds to the panic is the menacing aspect of affairs with the United States on account of the Black Warrior affair, and the knowledge of the fact that the Captain General has the royal decree authorizing him to declare the immediate abolition of slavery on the declaration of war by the United States, and even on the issuing of letters of marque by it against Spain, if he should deem it proper to do so. Every one is convinced of his willingness to issue the decree even to-day.

There have been sent to the United States by the Isabel, of the 221 ult., a colonel of engineers, late an officer under the Military Secretary, and several officers of the army, for the purpose of watching the movements of the Government at Washington, and of the filibusters in the South. They have double passports as civilians and as military officers.

I might write volumes of comments on these facts, but I prefer to submit them naked to your readers. I will only say that I have made all my arrangements to leave the country at an early day, and that you must look for another SENTINEL.

A TOUCHING RELIC OF POMPEII.

In digging out the ruins of Pompeii, every turn of the spade brings up some relic of the ancient life, some witness of imperial luxury. For far the greater part, the relics have a merely curious interest; they belong to archaeology, and find appropriate resting places in historical museums.

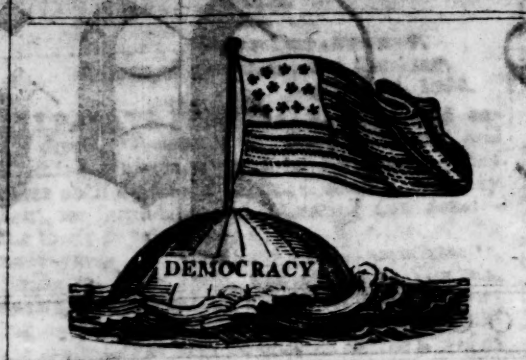
But there are some exceptions. Here, for instance, the excavator drops (an uninvited guest) upon a banquet; there he unexpectedly obtrudes himself into a tomb. In one place he finds a miser cowering upon his heap; another shows him bones of dancing girls and broken instruments of music lying on the marble floor. In the midst of the painted chambers, baths, halls, columns, fountains—among the splendid evidence of material wealth, he sometimes stumbles on a simple incident, a touching human story, such as strikes the imagination and suggests the mournful interest of the great disaster—as the sudden sight of a wounded soldier conjures up the horrors of the field of battle. Such, to our mind, is the latest discovery of the excavators in this melancholy field. It is a group of skeletons in the act of fighting, accompanied by a dog. There are three human beings, one of them a young girl with gold rings and jewels still on her fingers. The fugitives had a bag of gold and silver with them—snatched up, no doubt, in haste and darkness. But the fiery flood was on their track—and vain their wealth, their flight—the age of one, the youth of the other. The burning lava rolled above them and beyond, and the faithful dog turned back to share the fortunes of his mistress, dying at her feet.

Seen by the light of an incident, how vividly that night of horrors looms upon the sense! Does not the imagination picture the little group in their own house, by the side of their evening fountain, languidly chattering over the day's events and of the unusual heat? Does it not hear with them the troubled well of the waters in the bay? See, as they do, how the night comes down in sudden strangeness—how the sky opens overhead and flames break out, while coral, sand and molten rocks come pouring down? What movements, what emotion, what surprise! The scene grows darker every instant—the hollow monotone of the bay is lifted into yell and shriek—the air grows thick and hot with flames—and at the mountain's foot is heard the roll of the liquid lava. Jewels, household goods, gold and silver coins are snatched up on the instant—No time to say farewell; darkness in front and fire behind, they rush into the streets—streets choked with falling houses, flying citizens. How find the way through passages which have no longer outlets? Confusion, danger, darkness, uproar, everywhere; the shouts of perishing friends, the agony of the men struck down by falling columns—fear, madness and despair unchained—here penury clutching gold it cannot keep—there, gluttony gorging on its final meal, and phrenzy striking in the dark to forestall death. Through all, fancy hovers the young girl's scream—the fire is on her jeweled hand. No time for thought—no pause—the flood rolls on, and wisdom, beauty, age and youth, with all their stories of their love, their hopes, their rank, wealth and greatness—all the once affluent life are gone forever.

HEAVY DAMAGES.—During the recent term of the Circuit Court, at Noblesville, Iowa, the case of Blair vs. McVay for crim. con. was tried. The jury found a verdict, upon which judgment was rendered against the defendant for one hundred and twenty thousand dollars! The case is to be taken to the Supreme Court.

JOHN M. DANIEL, present U.S. Charge at Turin, has been indicted in \$8000 damages in a suit for libel before the U.S. Court at New York. The libel was published in the Richmond, Va., Examiner, when he was editor of that paper. An outrageous verdict.

DEMOCRATIC PIONEER.



TUESDAY MORNING, May 23, 1854.

FOR GOVERNOR.
THOMAS BRAGG, ESQ.
OF Northampton.

FUN AHEAD.

The Democratic party of this county have the game in their own hands in the approaching election. We hold the "balance of power," and we have but to observe the time-honored customs of our party to secure a triumph even in old Pasquotank—old Federal Pasquotank. We speak boldly and confidently—but we think the record will bear us out.

What is the position of affairs? Three candidates (as we stated last week) have come out upon their personal and individual responsibility—one as a Temperance candidate, the other two as Whigs. We heard on the streets last week that a meeting would be held at June Court to nominate a candidate. What will be the effect? Mr. Richardson, of course, being a Temperance candidate, will not recognize the action of a Whig meeting, because he declares himself a candidate independent of all political parties. Mr. Mann, too, though a Whig, eschews all caucuses, and defies their action—neither asking the nomination at their hands for himself, nor caring whether they confer it upon some one else—he will run *on his own*. Next comes Mr. John Pool. He, we believe, is a caucus-man. He is for party organization. (In this we think he is right.) The caucus, then, will have to nominate him, or some other Whig than Mr. Mann, for we hold it impossible, without a tame surrender of their self respect, for the caucus-Whigs of the county to nominate a man who has flouted them openly. The result, then, will be the nomination of some one else which will leave three candidates in the field, outside of the Democratic ranks.

This gives the reins into the Democratic hands. There are, as we believe, two alternatives. One of these gentlemen at least will have to turn tail and show the white feather, or the Democracy will beat the whole of them. Of course, we cannot vouch for the bottom of these couriers. We don't know how soon one or the other will withdraw from the ring and forfeit the stake. We can't say whether either (and if so, which) will cry, "Enough." Certainly, we have no objection to their holding on to the end, every one of them—we rather desire it. But this we are satisfied of—that if they should all prove to possess mettle and nerve enough to stand up to the scratch, we can put a Democrat on the track who will gallop around the course and carry off the prize without a struggle. This is our belief. The Whigs ought to thank us for talking thus plainly to them, because they are advised of our calculations. We have shown them that we know their weak points, and have given them fair warning that they may be attacked. We can afford to be frank. We are bound to have a jolly time of it in any event. Suppose some of their men get frightened, fly the track and take to the bushes—won't that be interesting? Won't it be nice to see one of these valiant gentlemen "let down" before the gaze of a multitude of sympathizing friends and ambitious rivals? Or suppose they should all hang on "to the death," and so clog each other's movements that the Democratic horse should gracefully pass them and leave them in the distance—wouldn't that be charming? And as he approached the judge's stand, wouldn't there be a wild hurrah of enthusiastic delight, participated in even by rival factions of the opposite party? Well, "it is this complexion it must come at last"—either a Whig backout or a Democratic triumph.

In order, therefore, to settle the question we most respectfully urge upon our Democratic friends the expediency and importance of holding a meeting at our approaching June Court, and selecting a suitable standard-bearer, in accordance with the time-honored usages of the party. There is fine sport in store for us, and the Democracy should by all means "take a hand" in it. We are joyful.

33.—The Hon. Edward Everett, in consequence of ill health, has resigned his seat in the United States Senate, the resignation to take effect in June.

34.—We learn that Mrs. Ives, wife of ex-Bishop Ives, was received into the Catholic church at Rome, on Good Friday last.

35.—John M. Daniel, present U.S. Charge at Turin, has been indicted in \$8000 damages in a suit for libel before the U.S. Court at New York. The libel was published in the Richmond, Va., Examiner, when he was editor of that paper. An outrageous verdict.

36.—The Nebraska excitement continued to rage throughout the last week with unabated fury. The struggle between the friends and enemies of the bill was very a bitter and very convulsive one. A sharp altercation occurred between Mr. Craig of this State and Mr. Hunt of Louisiana, on the 15th inst. In reply to a remark of Mr. H., Mr. C. stigmatized him as a factionist. The scene is thus described:

Mr. Hunt again rose to make a proposition.

Mr. Craig objected, amid cries of "hear him!"

Mr. Hunt.—The gentleman compels me to take ground which I would not otherwise take. The remainder of the sentence was lost in deafening cries of "order, order!"

Mr. Craig.—I look on the gentleman as a factionist, and I declare him such. ["Order, order."]

Before the result of the vote was announced on Mr. Sage's motion, Mr. Hunt wished to say a word personal to his feelings.

The Speaker asked whether it was the unanimous wish of the House.

Mr. Craig.—I object on the same ground as I took before.

Mr. Hunt.—If the gentleman from N. Carolina stigmatizes me as a factionist he speaks a falsehood. [Loud exclamations of order and great excitement.]

Mr. Craig.—I will exercise my right and will call the gentleman to order as soon as I would any body else.

Mr. Hunt.—If the gentleman says I am a factionist, he speaks what is false before God and the country.

During the colloquy, there were deafening cries of "order, order." The Speaker banged with his hammer, calling on the Sergeant-at-Arms to interfere to preserve order.

The matter was quieted for the time, but rumors of a duel were rife. Both parties appeared in their seats the next day, when the controversy was re-opened as follows:

Mr. Hunt wished to correct a statement. He said the statement in the Globe in respect to what occurred yesterday, is untrue, as far as he was informed by his friends, and that the statements he had read in the other papers are substantially true.

Mr. Craig.—If the allusion of the gentleman is to anything I said, I have to observe my remarks are substantially reported in the Globe. What he said, I did not hear distinctly, and therefore I do not undertake to repeat what he said. What I said is substantially reported in the Globe, and by that I am willing to stand.

Mr. Hunt replied that he branded the statement yesterday as a falsehood, and he still pronounced it so.

Mr. Craig remarked that the gentleman could not strut into a scrape and sneak out of it in that way. [Cries of "order, order."]

Here again the affair ended in the House, and public feeling was much excited with the apprehension that it would have been settled upon the field. As yet we have not heard of the turn which the affair has taken.

Meanwhile, we are happy to learn, from reliable sources that the Nebraska bill will pass. The friends of the bill hope to get at the vote upon its passage early this week, and the result is considered almost certain in favor of the bill.

P. S.—By last night's mail we learn that the difficulty between Messrs. Craig and Hunt had not been adjusted, but it was understood that no fight would take place. Mr. Craig was generally regarded as the party (if any) to be challenged. No challenge having been received by him, it is supposed the affair has blown over.

37.—The Norfolk "Beacon" charges us with "a most pertinacious determination to misrepresent" it. Well, how could we help it? The Beacon misrepresented itself, and we only publicized its own misrepresentation upon itself. The Beacon affected to disapprove of foreign interference in the affairs of a State; and then immediately misrepresented the truth of that assertion by admitting that it had interfered "in one local question"—free suffrage. We published this misrepresentation—and, forsooth, the Beacon charges us with "a most pertinacious determination to misrepresent" it! The Beacon is like the doctors, and don't like to take its own physic! We are not surprised at this charge; for we have a suspicion that some of the worst misrepresentations that could be perpetrated upon the Beacon would be by publishing its own effusions of one day and contrasting them with those of the day before. But really the Beacon is the first paper we have ever come across that had the hardihood to avow itself misrepresented, when its own article was published; or so much thereof as was pertinent.

Why, in its last article the Beacon says:

"Our reference to that one question as a local issue, referred to it as local in its fullest sense. The issue known in North Carolina as 'free suffrage' (very inappropriately named,) is emphatically local; no such free suffrage was ever heard of before the day of David S. Reid as candidate for Governor."

This is the language of the Beacon itself. Yet we suppose we shall have a reiteration of the charge of "misrepresentation." How does the above language comport with the idea of non-interference with the local affairs of North Carolina? The truth is, the Beacon's blows recoil upon itself, with fearful force—and no body else.

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Meanwhile, we are happy to learn, from reliable sources that the Nebraska bill will pass. The friends of the bill hope to get at the vote upon its passage early this week, and the result is considered almost certain in favor of the bill.

P. S.—By last night's mail we learn that the difficulty between Messrs. Craig and Hunt had not been adjusted, but it was understood that no fight would take place. Mr. Craig was generally regarded as the party (if any) to be challenged. No challenge having been received by him, it is supposed the affair has blown over.

37.—The Norfolk "Beacon" charges us with "a most pertinacious determination to misrepresent" it. Well, how could we help it? The Beacon misrepresented itself, and we only publicized its own misrepresentation upon itself. The Beacon affected to disapprove of foreign interference in the affairs of a State; and then immediately misrepresented the truth of that assertion by admitting that it had interfered "in one local question"—free suffrage. We published this misrepresentation—and, forsooth, the Beacon charges us with "a most pertinacious determination to misrepresent" it! The Beacon is like the doctors, and don't like to take its own physic! We are not surprised at this charge; for we have a suspicion that some of the worst misrepresentations that could be perpetrated upon the Beacon would be by publishing its own effusions of one day and contrasting them with those of the day before. But really the Beacon is the first paper we have ever come across that had the hardihood to avow itself misrepresented, when its own article was published; or so much thereof as was pertinent.

Why, in its last article the Beacon says:

"Our reference to that one question as a local issue, referred to it as local in its fullest sense. The issue known in North Carolina as 'free suffrage' (very inappropriately named,) is emphatically local; no such free suffrage was ever heard of before the day of David S. Reid as candidate for Governor."

This is the language of the Beacon itself. Yet we suppose we shall have a reiteration of the charge of "misrepresentation." How does the above language comport with the idea of non-interference with the local affairs of North Carolina? The truth is, the Beacon's blows recoil upon itself, with fearful force—and no body else.

This work, entitled "The Trials of a Mind in its Progress to Catholicism," has been issued, sought after with avidity, especially in the South, and is now a scarce commodity. It is a very valuable and interesting work, and is well worth the notice of those who are interested in the subject. It is a work of great power and interest, and is well worth the notice of those who are interested in the subject. It is a work of great power and interest, and is well worth the notice of those who are interested in the subject.

As a specimen of the tone of the Protestant Episcopal press, we make an extract from the criticisms upon the ex-Bishop's book, by the "Church Journal," the leading organ of the denomination in this country, published in N. York:

"As a controversial work, one more weak it has never been our fortune to meet. Passing from the ground of professed High-Churchism to Romanism; with a position in the church which entitled us to demand of him at least some recognition of such principles and facts as theologians know to be at issue in the controversy; and with a training which compels us to believe that he once knew the substantial points insisted on by our controversialists, and the great facts of ecclesiastical history as acknowledged by the best men even among his present co-religionists—he has given us a volume which utterly disappoints every reasonable expectation except that which looked for additional proofs of a judgment unsound, and a memory sadly decayed."

IMPORTANT FROM EUROPE.

By latest advices from the seat of war, we have received intelligence of the bombardment of Odessa by the allied fleets. The batteries were all destroyed, as were also twelve Russian vessels, while thirteen others, laden with ammunition, were captured. The loss of the allied fleets was only six men.

The Turks had captured Peta, the principal point of the Greek insurrection, and killed 150 of the insurgents.

The Russians had been defeated in an encounter between Sitistria and Rassova.

No fighting as yet in the Baltic. The fleet are blockading all the Russian ports.

The bread-stuff markets slightly depressed in consequence of heavy arrivals.

LETTER FROM MAIT. F. WARD.

The New Orleans Delta contains a letter from Matthew F. Ward, lately tried for the murder of Prof. Butler, of Kentucky. The letter is addressed to the editors of the United States, and after referring to his confidence in the justice and magnanimity of the American people, he appeals to their generosity to suspend judgment against him until the full evidence, now in course of publication, shall be laid before them.

THINGS TO BE REMEMBERED BY THE PEOPLE.

In the course of the discussion which took place in this town on Wednesday last, between the candidates for Governor, Gen. Dockery was asked by Mr. Bragg whether he had not, prior to his nomination, been in favor of a free and unrestricted Convention to amend the Constitution. He declined to answer, and did not answer the question.

He was asked if he approved or not of the resolution passed in favor of an Open Convention in Richmond County, in January last, by which meeting he was nominated for Governor. He would not say whether he did or not.

These questions were put to him by Mr. Bragg directly. He had interrogated Mr. Bragg on several points, on all of which he had answered promptly.

Mr. Bragg stated in connexion with the above questions, that it had been rumored currently that a letter had been written to Gen. D. by some of the White Basis whigs from the West, perhaps Greensboro, advising him not to accept the nomination upon that part of the whig platform relating to a restricted Convention, and he desired to know of Gen. D. whether it was so. Gen. D. replied that it was a matter of no importance to him, but it was to the people, and he hoped he would explain. But Gen. Dockery did not in his remarks afterwards revert to the subject.

Gen. Dockery stated in the course of his remarks, that he had in the Convention of 1835 voted against the legislative method of amending the Constitution. Mr. Bragg said in reply that Gen. D. had asserted at Gatesville and at Edenton that he had voted for both modes; that he had got the Journal at Edenton and showed that Gen. D. had voted against the legislative method when it came up on a separate vote, and that Gen. D. had insisted that he voted for it when the whole of the amendments were adopted at the close of the Convention; and were all put to the vote in a body under the decision of the President.

We did not understand Gen. D. as denying this, although he now in this section claims to have been always against that mode of amendment.

We call the attention of those who heard the discussion at Edenton and at Gatesville to what Gen. D. said then, and to what he says now.—Pay, Carolina.

THE ENGLISH QUARTER OF GRAIN.—There is some apprehension existing as to the quantity of grain contained in an English Quarter. It is eight bushels, but not eight Winchester bushels, which is our measure: The Quarter contains eight Imperial bushels. The Winchester bushel, which was the standard in England up to 1828, contains 215.040 cubic inches, while the Imperial bushel, which has been the standard ever since, contains 218.182 cubic inches. An English Quarter therefore is equal to about 8 1/4 bushels. This is a fact worth remembering by any man in the grain market.

DEMOCRATIC MEETING IN GATES.

A meeting of the Democrats of Gates county was held in the Court House in Gatesville, on Monday, the 20th inst. It was organized by calling for Edrick Gates, Esq., to the Chair, and appointing Am. G. Hancock, Secretary.

By request of the Chairman, W. F. Riddick, Esq., explained the object of the meeting—to select a candidate to represent the Senatorial District, composed of the counties of Gates and Chowan, in the Senate of the next Legislature, provided the county of Chowan had Delegates present to represent the views, feelings and wishes of the Democrats of that county; it not, to take such steps as might be thought best to effect that object at some future time—to consider the nomination for Governor, made by the Convention, held in Raleigh on the 19th ult., and to express any opinions or feelings and to transact any other business, which might be deemed necessary and proper. He then moved, that all the Democrats of Chowan who might be present, be requested to participate in the proceedings of the meeting, which being seconded and put by the Chairman, was unanimously adopted.

It appearing then that Chowan county was not sufficiently represented in the meeting, it was, on motion of Whitwell Stallings, Esq., unanimously

Resolved, That the Chairman should appoint three persons from each Captain's District in the county of Gates to meet Delegates from the county of Chowan at Mintonville on the second Saturday in June next, for the purpose, after conferring together, of selecting a Candidate to represent the said two counties in the Senate of the next Legislature.

Pursuant thereto, the President appointed,

Gatesville District—Lassiter Riddick, Noah B. Felton, Thomas Smith, Wm. H. Manning.

Mintonville District—John C. Trotman, Noah Rountree, David Parker.

Hunter's Mill District—Wm. H. Harrell, John Hunter, Edward R. Harrell, Seth R. Norfleet, Simon Walters.

Hallett's District—Benjamin Saunders, Marmaduke Baker, John Willey, Pipkin's District—Peter Eure, Hardy W. Parker, Robert H. Ballard.

Hall District—James Carter, John Brady.

On motion of Whitwell Stallings, Esq., it was unanimously

Resolved, That we do most heartily approve of the nomination of Thomas Bragg, Esq., of Northampton county for the office of Governor of this State, and as he has accepted that nomination and become our candidate, we will take great pleasure in giving him our votes, to which, we feel, he is justly entitled, and we will use all honorable means to secure his election to that office, which, in our opinion, he is eminently qualified to fill.

It was also unanimously "Resolved, That we cordially approve of the series of Resolutions, embodying the principles of the Democratic party of this State which were adopted by the Convention held in Raleigh on the 19th ult., that we will take them for our guidance, we will adhere to and support them."

On motion of Wm. H. Manning, Esq., it was unanimously

Resolved, That we most sincerely approve of the course pursued by our present able Governor, David S. Reid, that in our opinion he is entitled to the lasting gratitude of the friends of popular rights throughout the State—that in closing his present second gubernatorial term and retiring from office he will carry with him our sincere wishes that his future may be as bright and agreeable as his past has been successful and useful.

On motion of Whitwell Stallings, Esq., it was also unanimously

Resolved, That the Chairman should appoint two persons from each Captain's District in the county of Gates to select a Candidate to represent said county in the House of Commons of the next Legislature.

Whereupon, the Chairman appointed the following:

Gatesville District—Lassiter Riddick, Noah B. Felton.

Mintonville District—Whitwell Stallings, William Manning.

Hunter's Mill District—David Parker, Wm. H. Harrell.

Folly District—Edward R. Harrell, Seth R. Norfleet.

Hallett's District—Simon Walters, Benjamin Saunders.

Pipkin's District—John Willey, Peter Eure.

Hall District—John

